

A Lifetime of Days

The moment I realized the heart is a living, breathing thing
I was drinking coffee and remembering you
still heavy with warmth, asleep in another room.
Our lives together were entwined in the long spaces,
between the simple tasks, the tidal waves of today's tedium.
But I felt the difference. Today.

A wound was opened. A joyous, hovering flutter
that buckled my understanding of the world around me.
And my eyes trembled, the cup tipped sideways, hedging toward the table flat, a plane beneath it.
The earth shakes when least expected.

And I knew that forever was captured in those tippings.
It is in the middle of living where I aim to dwell--
the slight pause in the center of our beating heart where love resides and slumbers.
In the time it takes a heart to beat,
a breath to breathe,
the colors of the rainbow to crystallize a clear, confident pattern,
I see our quilted life,
a blanketed dream, resting.
It is a bursting, joyful confluence.

All of this over coffee in the morning.
I wonder what the day will bring.
A lifetime of days.